

So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Doth that boade weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neyther heere, nor there.

Des. I haue heard it said so. O these Men, these men!
Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me *Emilia*)
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such grosse kinde?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this Heauenly light.

Emil. Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:

I might doe't as well i'th darke.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world's a huge thing:

It is a great price, for a small vice.

Des. Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.

Emil. Introth I thinke I should, and vndoo't when
I had done: Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a
ioynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes,
Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for
all the whole world: why, who would not make her hus-
band a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should ven-
ture Purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th world;
and hauing the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not thinke there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen: and as many to'th'vantage, as
would store the world they plaid for.
But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wiues do fall: (Say, that they slacke their duties,
And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps;
Or else breake out in peeuish Iealousies,
Throwing restraint vpon vs: Or say they strike vs,
Or scant our former hauing in despight)
Why we haue galls: and though we haue some Grace,
Yet haue we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,
Their wiues haue sense like them: They see, and smell,
And haue their Palats both for sweet, and sowre,
As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,
When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?
I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?
I thinke it doth. Is't Fraitly that thus erres?
It is so too. And haue not we Affections?
Desires for Sport? and Fraitly, as men haue?
Then let them vse vs well: else let them know,
The illes we do, their illes instruct vs so.

Des. Good night, good night:

Heauen me such vses send,

Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.

Iago. Heere, stand behinde this Barke,
Straight will he come:
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing: Ile be at thy Elbow,
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that,
And fixe most firme thy Resolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy stand.

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed,

And yet he hath giuen me satisfying Reasons:

'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies.

Iago. I haue rub'd this yong Quat almost to the sense,

And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,

Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,

Euery way makes my gaine. Liue *Rodorigo*,

He calles me to a restitution large

Of Gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him,

As Guists to *Desdemona*.

It must not be: If *Cassio* do remaine,

He hath a dayly beauty in his life,

That makes me vgly: and besides, the Moore

May vnfold me to him: there stand I in much perill:

No, he must dye. But so, I heard him comming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyest.

Cas. That thrust had beene mine enemy indeed,

But that my Coate is better then thou know'st:

I will make prooue of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am slaine.

Cassio. I am mayn'd for euer:

Helpe ho: Murther, murther.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voyce of *Cassio*, *Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. O Villaine that I am.

Oth. It is euen so.

Cas. Oh helpe ho: Light, a Surgeon.

Oth. 'Tis he: O braue *Iago*, honest, and iust,

That hast such Noble sense of thy Friends wrongs,

Thou teachest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,

And your vblest Fate highes: Strumpet I come:

For of my heart, those Charms thine Eyes, are blotted,

Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lusts blood be spotted.

Exit Othello.

Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.

Cas. What ho! no Watch? No passage?

Murther, Murther.

Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull.

Cas. Oh helpe.

Lodo. Hearke.

Rod. Oh wretched Villaine.

Lod. Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night;

These may be counterfeits: Let's thinke't vnfaie

To come into the cry, without more helpe.

Rod. Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.

Lod. Hearke.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and

Weapons.

Iago. Who's there?

Who's noyse is this that cries on murther?

Lodo. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you heare a cry?

Cas. Heere, heere: for heauen sake helpe me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lodo. The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow.

Iago. What are you heere, that cry so greuously?

Cas. *Iago*? Oh I am spoyl'd, vndone by Villaines:

Giue me some helpe.

Iago. O mee, Lieutenant!

What Villaines haue done this?

Cas. I thinke that one of them is heereabout, And

And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous Villaines:

What are you there? Come in, and giue some helpe.

Rod. O helpe me there.

Cassio. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murd'rous Slaue! O Villaine!

Rod. O damn'd *Iago*! O inhumane Dogge!

Iago. Kill men i'th darke?

Where be these bloody Theeues?

How silent is this Towne? Ho, murther, murther.

What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?

Lod. As you shall proue vs, praise vs.

Iago. Signior *Lodouico*?

Lod. He Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by Villaines.

Gra. *Cassio*?

Iago. How is't Brother?

Cas. My Legge is cut in two.

Iago. Marry heauen forbid:

Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter ho? Who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. Oh my deere *Cassio*,

My sweet *Cassio*: Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago. O notable Strumpet. *Cassio*, may you suspect

Who they should be, that haue thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to finde you thus;

I haue beene to seeke you.

Iago. Lend me a Garter. So:— Oh for a Chaire

To beare him easily hence.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash

To be a party in this Inurie.

Patience awhile, good *Cassio*. Come, come;

Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?

Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman

Rodorigo? No: Yes sure: Yes, 'tis *Rodorigo*.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Euen he Sir: Did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,

That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you *Cassio*? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.

Gra. *Rodorigo*?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:

Oh that's well said, the Chaire.

Some good man beare him carefully from hence,

Ile fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Mistris,

Saue you your labour. He that lies slaine heere (*Cassio*)

Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world: nor do I know the man?

Iago. What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th' Ayre.

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Do you perceiue the gastnesse of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall heare more anon.

Behold her well: I pray you looke vpon her:

Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltinesse will speake

Though tongues were out of vse.

Emil. Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, Husband?

Iago. *Cassio* hath heere bin set on in the darke

By *Rodorigo*, and Fellowes that are scap'd:

He's almost slaine, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.

Emil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good *Cassio*!

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prythe *Emilia*,

Go know of *Cassio* where he sapt to night,

What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He sapt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.

Emil. Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet.

Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,

As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? Fie vpon thee.

Iago. Kinde Gentlemen:

Let's go see poore *Cassio* drest.

Come Mistris, you must tel's another Tale.

Emilia, run you to the Cittadell,

And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:

Will you go on afore? This is the night

That either makes me, or foredoes me quight. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule)
Let me not name it to you, you chaste Staires,
It is the Cause. Yet Ile not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,
And smooth as Monumentall Alabaster:
Yet she must dye, else shee'l betray more men:
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,
I can againe thy former light restore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
Thou cunning'st Patterne of excellling Nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heate
That can thy Light re-Lume.
When I haue pluck'd thy Rose,
I cannot giue it viall growth againe,
It needs must wither. Ile smell thee on the Tree.
Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost perswade
Iustice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after. One more, and that's the last,
So sweet, was ne're so fatall. I must weepe,
But they are cruell Teares: This sorrow's heauenly,
It strikes, where it doth loue. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? *Othello*?

Othel. I *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Haue you pray'd to night, *Desdemona*?

Des. I my Lord.

Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime

Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,

Solicite for it straight.

Des. Alacke, my Lord,

What may you meane by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:

I would not kill thy vnprepared Spirit,

No, Heauens fore-fend! I would not kill thy Soule.

Des. Talke you of killing?

Oth. I, I do.

Des. Then Heauen haue mercy on mee.

Oth.